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LADY MARY.

There went fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun;
And fairer still thou mightest be—
Thy youth was but begin;

Thine eye was soft and glancing;

Of the deep, bright blue;

And on the heart thy gentle words

Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,

With thy palms upon thy breast;

Even as thou hadst been praying;

At thine hour of rest;

The cold, pale moon was shining;

On thy cold, pale cheek;

And the morn of the Nativity

Had just begun to break.

They carried thee, Lady Mary,

All of pure white stone;

With thy palms upon thy breast;

In the chancel all alone;

And I saw thee when the winter moon

Shone on thy marble cheek;

When the morn of the Nativity

Had just begun to break.

But thou kneelst, Lady Mary;

With thy palms upon thy breast;

Among the perfect spirits

In the land of rest;

Then art even as they seek thee,

At thine hour of prayer,

Sav the glory that is thee

From the Sun that shineth there.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,

On the shore unknown,

A pure and happy angel,

In the presence of the throne;

We shall see thee when the light divine

Playes freshly on thy cheek,

And the resurrection morning

Hath just begun to break.

H. H. Alfred.

A Chat on Men and Marriage.

The following list between two young girls, Caroline and Shirley, is from "Shirley," by the author of "Jane Eyre," and is to me a most curious example. The girls are discussing a projected day's journey to a neighboring wood.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*

"We will go—you and I, alone, Caroline, to that wood, early some fine summer morning, and spend a long day there. We can take pencils and sketch books, and an interesting reading-book we like; and, of course, we shall talk—writing to each other, little letters, while Mrs. Mill's my house keeps me quiet pack our provisions, and we could each carry our own. It would not tire you too much to walk so far?"

"No, not especially if we rested the whole day in the wood, and I know all the pleasant spots! I know where we could get out in hunting time; I know where wild strawberries abound; I know certain holly, untried glades, carpeted with strange mosses; yellow gorse as if gilded; some solar gray green goes green. I know groups of trees that ravish the eye with their perfect, picture-like effects; rude and stately, tall and bold, and in contrast, and sometimes stately as Saul, standing isolated and commanding woodlands, clad in bright sprays of ivy. Miss Kedlar, I could guide you well!"

"But you would dull us uninterestingly."

"No, I could not—there it is. A terrible thought! It suffocates me. Nothing like me like the idea of being a burden and a bore; an inevitable burden, a ceaseless bore. Now, when I feel my company superfluous, I never would like to find out what I loved did not love me, that it was weary of me, and that I least effort I might make to get rid of me. I should be a burden to her less, since it was inevitably in its nature to do so much to her."

"I often wonder, Shirley, whether most resemble my uncle in their domestic relations; whether it is necessary to be new and original in them in order to seem something or estimate in their eyes; and whether it is impossible to their nature to retain a constant interest and affection for those we see every day."

"I don't know; I can't clear up your doubts. I ponder over similar ones myself sometimes. But tell you a secret, if I were convinced that they are necessarily and universally different from us—fickle, soon petrifying, unsympathizing, I never would marry. I should not like to find out what I loved did not love me, that it was weary of me, and that I least effort I might make to get rid of me. I should be a burden to her less, since it was inevitably in its nature to do so much to her."

"But you could not, if you were married."

"No, I could not—there it is. A terrible thought! It suffocates me. Nothing like me like the idea of being a burden and a bore; an inevitable burden, a ceaseless bore. Now, when I feel my company superfluous, I never would like to find out what I loved did not love me, that it was weary of me, and that I least effort I might make to get rid of me. I should be a burden to her less, since it was inevitably in its nature to do so much to her."

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